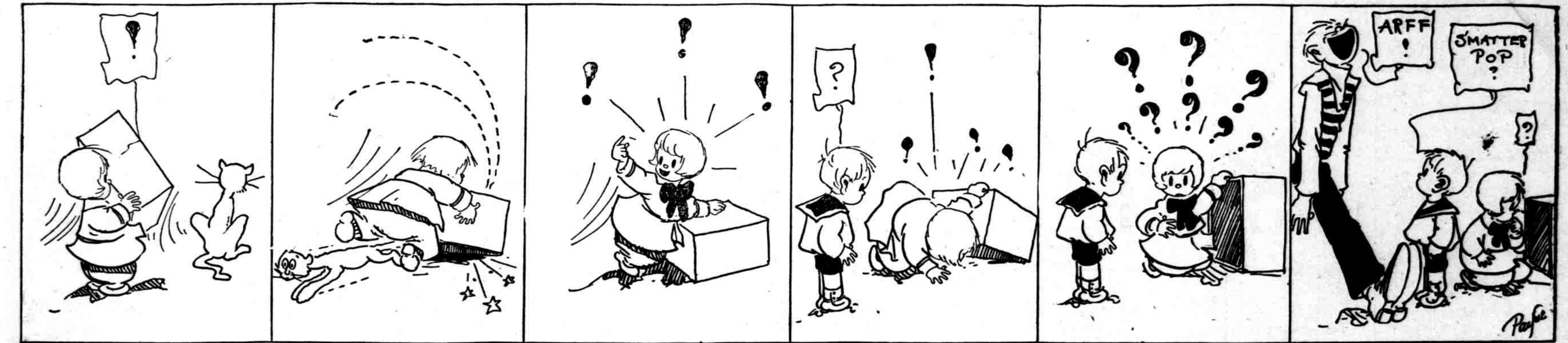


## "S. MATTER, POP?"

SOCIETY TO ATTEND  
FIRST DRILL TODAY

Fort Myer Will Be Scene of  
Brilliant Function, With Fair  
Riders as Feature.

Society will turn out in large numbers at the Fort Myer drill hall this afternoon to watch the scene of the first drill of the new Cavalry Cavalry. The drills are being given for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. of the local army post, and to partially defray the expenses of the annual military horse show to be held during May.

President Wilson and his family "may be there." At least that is the definite as anybody can state as to the presence of the Chief Executive at the exhibition today. Major Rhodes, military aide to the President, is authority for the statement that Mr. Wilson will be at the drill if he can possibly spare the time from his duties at the White House. Those in charge of the exhibitions are consoled greatly by the positive statement that the President, the Vice President, and members of the Cabinet will attend either the drill of today or one of the exhibitions to be given tomorrow or Saturday.

Advance sales of seats for the drill will be crowded. Washington society is fond of the horse sport and is usually very liberal in its patronage of any affair in which its young horsewomen participate. The young equestriennes, who are the pick of society's "horse set" are in readiness for the drill and will be in the afternoon for a final rehearsal. Today's drill is scheduled to begin at 2:30 o'clock. Arrangements have been made with the officials of the railway running from Annapolis bridge to the fort to have cars waiting at the Virginia end of the bridge to accommodate the crowds expected to attend. For the first time, which all of the crack troops of the United States cavalry will participate in, informal parties will be given at the homes of the officers stationed at the post.

"FLOWER BALL" GIVEN  
BY EDSON BRADLEYS

Brilliant Audience Present to  
See Beautiful Dances in  
Great Hall of Mansion.

In the now celebrated medieval "great hall" of the Edson Bradley mansion, on Dupont circle, a "flower ball" was given last evening. The mask attracted a brilliant audience, and the scene, with its hint of masquerade revelry, seemed like a reincarnation of the Pett Tri-  
anon, at Versailles.

The stately minuet was the first on the program—a graceful woodland scene, with Mrs. von Herward, Mr. von Bower, Mrs. C. W. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott Tuckerman, Mr. Reynolds Hitt, Geoffrey Dodge, and Capt. Louis Little taking part.

Miss Ames danced a barcarolle and then came a "valse des fleurs," with Misses Elizabeth Noyes, Wanda, Denise de Legarde, Ruth Hittcock, Marjorie Smith, Emily Beaty, and Mrs. de Saulles participating.

After them came Miss Forney, who danced entrancingly to the music of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song."

Then ten belles and beaux, violets and columbines, and the sterner sex as thorns, danced a charming quadrille, those taking part being Miss Mary McCauley, Mr. Lewis, William Platter, Miss Cora Barry, Miss Eleanor Royburn, Robert Stead, Mrs. Summerlin, Day Surles, Miss Porter, and Mr. Dut-ton.

The "Bocherini minuet" was danced by Miss Ames charmingly, and this was followed by the "Dance of Spring," the dancers being dressed in white and pink. Those in the fete were the Misses Julia Meyer, Gladys Ingalls, Mary Webb, Frances Wilson, and Miss Wilmer, Margaret Perin, Hester Chamberlain, and Alice Oge.

Miss Gladys Hittcock was the central figure in a tableau representing "The Coming of Spring," and then the great hall was cleared for dancing. A supper was served at midnight, and then dancing continued until 4 o'clock this morning.

Mrs. Bradley, who wore a white satin gown draped with rose point lace and superb jewelry, and Miss Oge, smiling and graciously holding out his hand to me.

THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY  
THE GHOST GIRL

By Henry Kittell Webster  
Author of 'The Whispering Man.'  
Copyright, 1912, Frank A. Munsey Co.

CHAPTER II.  
The First Cover.

WHEN I walked into my office about 9:30 o'clock the next morning, I was greeted by my clerk with the information that Jeffrey had been trying to get me and wanted me to call him up as soon as I came in. While we were talking the phone bell rang and Madeline called to say that Jeffrey had been trying to get me at the house. So without stopping to take off my overcoat or hat, I called up his studio.

I heard him unhook the receiver before the bell had stopped ringing, and knew he must have been waiting for the instrument for my call. The quality of his voice shocked me. It was harsh, uneven, keyed up clear to the breaking point with unnatural excitement.

"I'm awfully sorry to trouble you, old man," he said. "It's a shame to break up your work right at the beginning of the day, but I guess you'll have to come to the rescue."

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Do you mind coming up?" "I can't leave here for an hour or two, and I simply can't talk over the phone." "I'll be in the subway in three minutes," said I. "Hold hard till I get there."

With that I hung up, told my clerk I probably shouldn't be back that morning, and started uptown. I'd have been wise, I suppose, to put a brief in my pocket to read on the way up—something to keep me from speculating and worrying about Jeffrey's case until I had some data to go on. But I stared at nothing, as if I had been hypnotized.

Jeffrey wasn't one of my oldest friends—not one of that little group of people all of whom I had known since boyhood—people whose circumstances and relations we know almost intuitively; people whose world we were born a part of. Friends of this class are rare. As far as externals go, we do. Really, we are likely to know very little indeed about the inner life of our acquaintances, and we live along side by side with them for years, in a state of partial or sometimes total misunderstanding.

The friendship between Jeffrey and me was the other sort. We were both grown-up men when we first laid eyes on each other, and the thing that made our friendship was a sort of instinctive sympathy. I think, I should have understood each other—that had carried us across the preliminaries of mere acquaintance.

The result of this was that, so far as externals went, we knew relatively little about each other. It had never seemed worth while to stop to tell, when there were so many more important things to talk about. Jeffrey, I was sure, couldn't have furnished a word-biographer with any interesting material, and my existence preceding his was so unimportant to him, and I was in the same case with him.

I knew he was a brilliantly successful portrait painter; I knew, in a fragmentary way, that as a very young man he had supported himself as a newspaper artist. I knew he had a perfectly enormous list of casual acquaintances—people from every walk of life, way down to the very lowest strata of the under-world.

I have described him heretofore as a man of pure genius—a man who relied, further than any one else I have ever known, on a queer set of intuitions, to begin to begin where ordinary logical processes of thought left off. He claimed, and you may remember, a special sense for crime; said he could detect crime on a man's soul as easily as I could detect a criminal in his brain.

It was a perfectly unbelievable claim, of course, and I should have treated it as such. But the uncanny, the demonstration of it which he had given in our own mystery—the mystery of Dr. Marsh's death—had made me believe. Jeffrey had solved that and had done it, so far as any of us could see, by the sudden, unexpected discovery of the right combination of circumstances and the right incentive, and Jeffrey might have done almost anything.

So I will have to confess that as I rode uptown on my way to his studio, knowing only that he was in some sudden, unexpected difficulty, my thoughts ran riot. I conjectured a whole chamber of horrors about him—terrible things, things that would not be in a dark corner, no mysterious communication; no spot—oh! I had been always seen it, and Jeffrey himself, quite his old self, smiling pleasantly and holding out his hand to me.

"I telephoned you not to come," he said, "but what I did did surprise me, and that was nothing—nothing out of the ordinary, I mean. There was no real danger, in black, looting, or anything in a dark corner, no mysterious communication; no spot—oh! I had been always seen it, and Jeffrey himself, quite his old self, smiling pleasantly and holding out his hand to me."

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said, "but you had already started. I was too late. I'm dreadfully sorry. There's nothing the matter—nothing that an hour or two won't set right. And I really don't need you a bit. Only, if you've got the leisure, I'd be awfully glad to have you stay."

"Well, but what was it?" I gasped. "What did you think it was?" "Jeffrey didn't answer for a second or two."

"You remember that portrait I was telling you about last night," he asked. "The thing I painted from a photograph for—Miss Meredith?"

I nodded, but Jeffrey wasn't looking at me, so after a moment of silence I said, "Yes."

He brought himself up with a little start. "Well, when I came to the studio this morning, I found it gone. I thought at first that Miss Meredith might have taken it with her the day she came to the studio to look at it—I haven't been back in the place since then, you know."

"Of course, that would have been an awfully funny thing for her to do, but she's eccentric, they say, so I asked my Jap boy about it. He said no, that didn't happen. They went away and left it just as it was on the easel. So it was perfectly plain that the thing had been stolen."

"It seemed such a queer, inexplicable thing for anyone to steal, that I was a little bit upset about it. So I called on you for first aid, as I am afraid I have got the bad habit of doing. But afterward I got a clue that suggested a perfectly plain explanation. I think I'll have the thing back before noon. It's all right, you see. I'm frightfully ashamed of myself for having troubled you with it."

Still he wasn't looking at me, and I stared at his inexpressive back in perfectly blank amazement—amazement that had, I'll admit, a little flavor of indignation in it.

He had given me a very bad quarter of an hour, and his explanation of it seemed absolutely childish. Was the thing a portrait—a thing that couldn't mean more than two weeks' work to his facile brush—an adequate explanation for that broken cry of distress I had heard over the telephone? The thing was preposterous!

Then I remembered his manner at the house last night, the little shiver with which he had spoken of dead faces, and how they were getting on his nerves; the impatient jerk of his head that had accompanied Jack's jocular remark about a spirit portrait; and, last of all, the thing he had said just as he was going out the door, about the irreconcilable contradiction that had been confronting him for months—the thing that must be true, yet couldn't be true.

After all, what gave me the privilege of being called his friend, was my ability to understand and make allowances. Somehow or another, he had had a bad quarter-hour, and I was in the same case with him. Perhaps in some queer way I couldn't guess at, the discovery of his being called his friend, was my ability to stare him in the face—had given him a moment of almost superstitious terror, which, when he had recovered, had suggested itself as an alternative, he didn't feel like acknowledging the existence of, even to me.

I went over to him and laid a hand on his shoulder.

All right, I said. "Let's find it, I'm sure. I haven't anything better to do, and if there turns out to be anything else you want to tell me about later, why you can tell it and be sure that I shall try to understand. Come! Let's go."

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get down to business. What is your clue?"

"It's almost childishly simple," said Jeffrey. "I'm ashamed of myself that I didn't think of it the moment I discovered the loss, instead of blowing up that way. Why, you'll think of it yourself in a minute. And here's your chance!" he added, as a knock at the door interrupted us.

His Jap was out somewhere, so Jeffrey answered it himself.

"How do you do, Mr. Peterson?" he said, and ushered the stranger in.

Peterson was a clumsy looking man of the skilled-mechanic type; warmly and comfortably and properly dressed enough, but his clothes looking as if he were in the habit of getting down on his hands and knees and carrying heavy objects around in his pockets.

"Mr. Peterson," said Jeffrey, "is the decorator who did over the building 'last fall.' Then he astonished me by turning to Peterson and saying: 'I'm thinking of having a little more work done. Oh! this is perfectly satisfactory, and a wouldn't think of calling in the landlord. It's on my own account entirely. Don't you think yourself, Drew?' he turned to me—'that the walls would compose into better looking panels, if we had a second frieze carried around there about a third of the way down.'"

"I don't know anything about art and composition," said I. "You certainly know that for yourself!"

It was too ridiculous. Here was Jeffrey, who had run away for a three-fifty job, and who had been deliberately invoking them again when he got back. Naturally, again, Peterson favored the project.

Among the out-of-town couples married in Rockville recently were Wade L. Yowell and Miss Lillie Hutcherson, both of Madison county, Va., the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Samuel R. White, a retired Baptist minister, at his home.

Cromwell McKinley King, of Woodfield, this county, and Miss Ivy Blanche Broadhurst, of Rockville, were married at Clarksburg a few days ago by the Rev. Thomas S. Davis, pastor of the Clarksburg M. E. Church.

On learning that one of the jurors in the case of Roger W. Murphy against William W. and Carey Soper, the trial of which began in the circuit court here Tuesday last, was a special agent, instructions not to discuss the case, Judge Edward C. Peter, immediately court was called, and an announcement that the jury would be discharged from further consideration of the case.

The juror accused of the indiscretion was Samuel Jarboe, of Poolesville district. Judge Peter told him he would not be allowed to serve further at that term, and notified him to hold himself in readiness to appear before the court should his presence be desired after the members of the bench had conferred.

The suit was an action instituted by Murphy to recover damages from the Sopers, who were charged with the permanent injuries. Justification was the plea of the defendants. The Sopers and Murphy are neighboring farmers of the Clarksburg district.

Edward Prather, colored, of Germantown, was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Gray yesterday on complaint of his brother, George Prather, who charged that he came to his home at an early hour Sunday morning and acted in a disorderly manner. He was committed to jail to await trial in the police court.

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FIFTY-THREE CASES  
IN ROCKVILLE COURT

Three Murder Trials Are Set  
Down for Session Opened  
Before Judge Peter.

ROCKVILLE, Md., March 27.—The trial of criminal cases began in the circuit court here this morning before Judge Peter and a jury. Fifty-three cases are docketed for trial as follows: Murder, 3; assault with intent to kill, 2; larceny, 19; carrying concealed weapons, 6; violations of local option law, 5; assault and battery, 3; burglary, 3; keeping disorderly house, 1; disorderly conduct, 2; obtaining money under false pretenses, 1; and pocket picking, 1.

The case of Norman McCleary, who was indicted in Washington county for the murder of Mrs. Nannie B. Henry, last August, has been set for Monday, April 7. The case was removed from Washington county to this county at the instance of the defendant, who made affidavit that he did not believe he could get a fair trial in Washington county.

The case of Walter E. Helt, a well-known Montgomery county farmer, who is under indictment charged with the murder of Jesse J. Evely, at Ellicott, this county, several weeks ago, will be called for trial next Tuesday morning.

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RECORDS REFLECT  
TURKEY TROT FAD

Ragtime Glides Show Inclination  
in Popular Music on Victor  
Pieces for April.

The craze for the turkey trot is well shown in the characteristic ragtime offered in the Victor records for April—the "Gertrude Hoffman Glide," "Too Much Mustard," "Mariette," and the "Parienne Turkey Trot."

These latest melodies that have risen to the top of music-loving Broadway, are played with lift and verve on the records, and are certain to prove popular spring numbers.

Two dainty ballet numbers from Gounod's "Faust" are played by Vessella's Italian Band, and Michele Rinaldi, the cornet soloist, is heard in an interpretation of "Traumerel." A descriptive fantasia, "Shepherd's Life in the Alps," and two marches, "Down the Field March," and "Knockabout March," are played by Arthur Pryor's Band. The Solisten Trio renders Wilford's melodious "Serenade," and William H. Reitz plays a bell solo of the charming "Stephanie Gavotte."

In the realm of grand opera, Geraldine Farrar is heard in the aria, "My Klamm," from "Bohème," and Schumann Heink sings "Wanderer's Night Song," by Rubinstein. John McCormack sings "Sweet Genevieve," an Irish ballad, and Clara Butt's contralto is heard in the air from the oratorio "Elijah," "Oh, Rest the Lord."

Special Entertainment  
And Ball to Be Held

Osage Tribe, No. 6, Improved Order of Red Men, and White Eagle Council, No. 4, D. of P., will give a special entertainment and ball Wednesday evening, April 2, at the Old Masonic Temple, Ninth and F streets northwest.

Rebels Lose 100 Men.

Mexican federal troops at Paredon defeated a band of Carranzista rebels with a loss of 100 dead, according to State Department dispatches. The rebels split into two bands, one retreating north and the other south.

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Lowrie Lectures on  
Christianity's Growth

The growth of Christianity in the reign of Constantine and the decline of Paganism through the creative force of a new faith were outlined in a lecture on "The Transformation of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity," by the Rev. Walter Lowrie, at the meeting of the Washington Society of the Archaeological Institute of America, at the residence of Mrs. Samuel Hill last night.

He told of the conversion of Constantine, of his influence upon the development of Christianity and of how the religion grew without state support.

Mrs. Henry E. Dimock was announced as a new life member of the society. Dr. Lowrie, now visiting in this city, is a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, and has been rector of St. Paul's American Church at Rome since 1907.

How to Make  
Better Cough Syrup  
Than You Can Buy

A Family Supply, Saving \$2 and Fully Guaranteed.

A full pint of cough syrup—as much as you could buy for \$2.00—can easily be made at home. You will find nothing more effective, more palatable, and more economical than this. It is a full pint of cough syrup—as much as you could buy for \$2.00—can easily be made at home. You will find nothing more effective, more palatable, and more economical than this.

The effect of pine and sugar syrup on the inflamed membrane is well known. Pine is the most valuable concentrated component of Norway white pine extract, rich in quinine and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The Pine and Sugar Syrup recipe now used by thousands of households throughout the United States and Canada. The plan has been limited, and the old successful formula has never been equaled.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction; or money promptly returned, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pine or will get it for you. If not, send The Pine Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Adv.

AMUSEMENTS  
National TONIGHT 8:15  
MRS. Fiske IN High Road  
Next Week  
CHARLES FROMMAN will present  
RICHARD HATTIS

GARLE WILLIAMS  
IN THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE  
Sunday Night, March 30  
Two Old Confederates  
and  
MR. POLK MILLER'S  
Old South Quartette  
Prices, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.

POLITE VAUDEVILLE  
Most Beautiful Theatre in America  
Daily Mat. 2c, 5c, 10c, 15c, 20c  
MONSTER EASTER STELLAR BILL  
Featuring  
BINGHAM & CO. "Joan of Arc"  
"Big Moments from Great Plays"  
Tom Sear's New Hit, "The College Coach," Autumn Hall, Five Other

NAT M. WILLS  
Everything New  
"Le Ballet Classique," With 15 Famous Russian Premier Dancers. 2c

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"Northland and Southland"  
1,500 Tons. Daily Service.  
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City Ticket Office, Woodward Bldg.  
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Including ALL EXPENSES. Visiting  
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RESORTS  
Atlantic City.  
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EXHIBITION  
CONVENTION  
HALL  
March 2